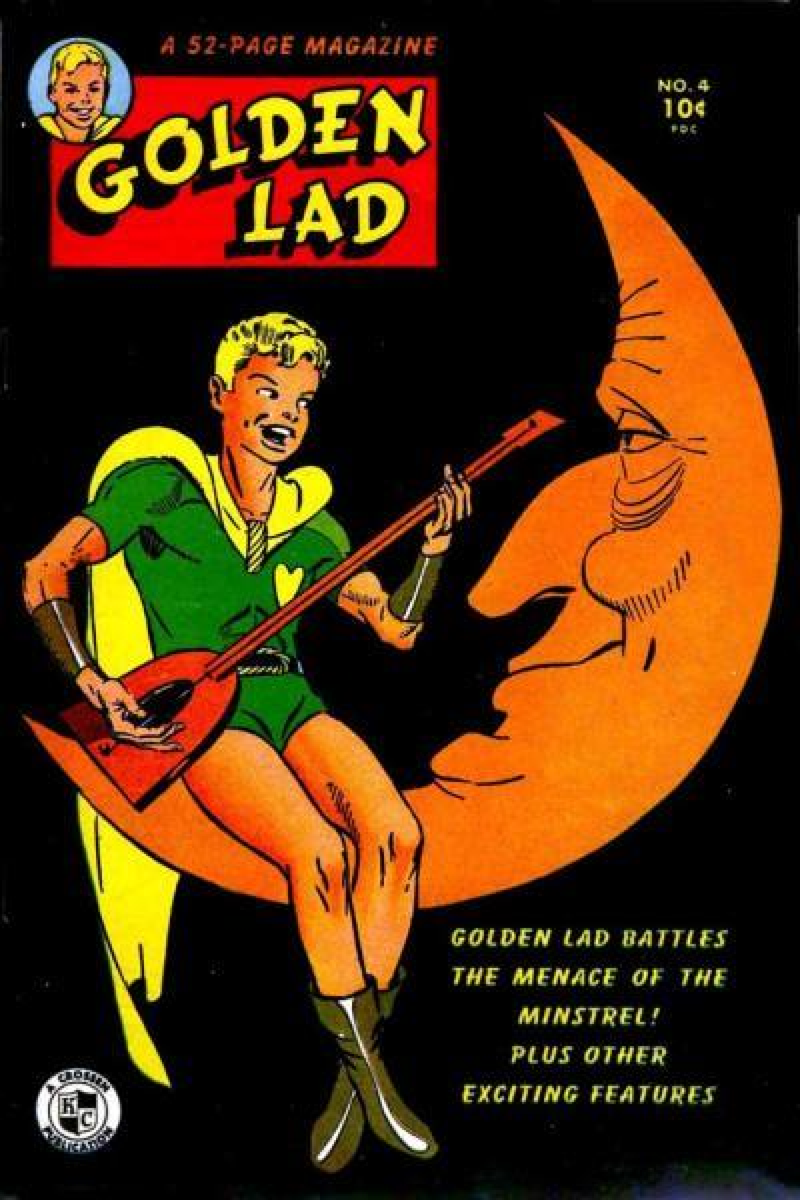
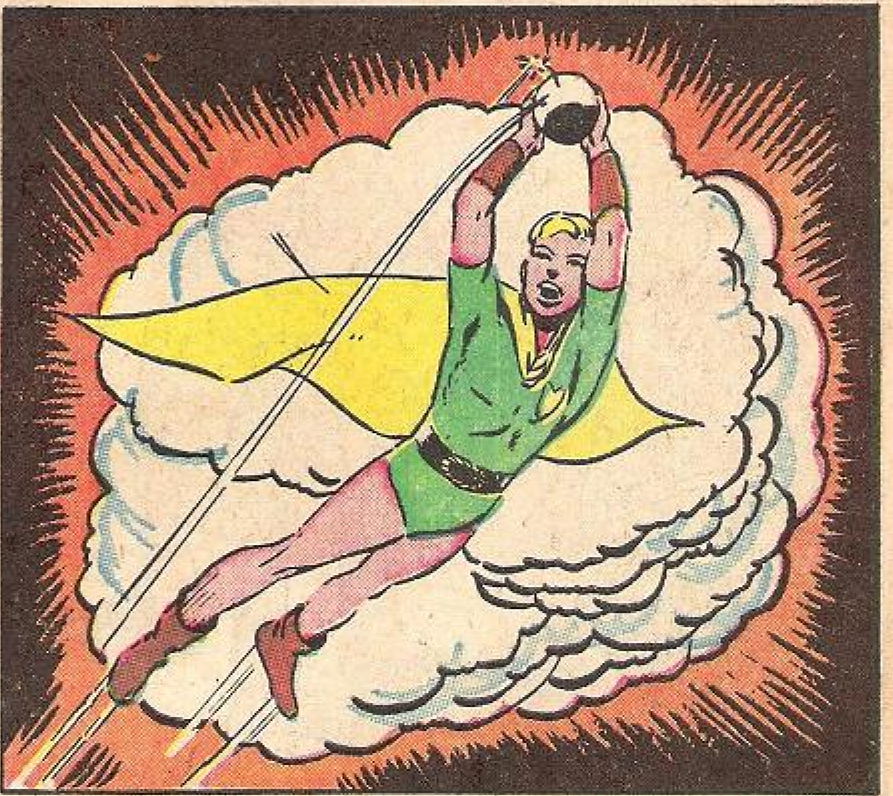

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A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE
GOLDEN LAD
NO. 4
10¢
GOLDEN LAD BATTLES THE MENACE OF THE MINSTREL!
PLUS OTHER EXCITING FEATURES

GOLDEN LAD

The ancient culture of the Aztecs created THE HEART OF GOLD—created it to give strength and courage to the one who would throw his heart and soul into the struggle for JUSTICE. For generations it lay unused, hidden from the world. Then, one day in 1945, it was discovered and on that day the world met . . .
GOLDEN LAD!



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(ON LEAVE TO THE U. S. ARMY)

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Ken Crossen

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GOLDEN LAD
"WITH A SONG ON HIS LIPS, AND A GUN IN HIS HAND,
THE MINSTREL BEGAN A CAREER CONTRABAND,
A POETICAL PIRATE, A ROBBER IN RHYME,
THIS MUSICAL MENACE WAS A MASTER OF CRIME!
BUT GOLDEN LAD APPEARED TOO SOON,
AND FORCED THIS VILLAIN TO CHANGE HIS TUNE!
"The MENACE of the MINSTREL!"
MORTON MESKIN


IN THE LITTLE ANTIQUE SHOP OF TOMMY PRESTON AND HIS GRANDFATHER...
SA-AY, GRANDPA, THERE'S A FUNNY-LOOKING CUS-TOMER!
SH-SH! WE GET ALL KINDS HERE, TOMMY, AND SO LONG AS THEY PAY FOR WHAT THEY BUY, THEY AIN'T FUNNY!
I SEE YOU LIKE THAT LUTE, MISTER!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I LIKE IT FINE! SO, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL MAKE IT MINE!
THAT'LL COST YOU A DOLLAR AND A HALF!
PHOOEY TO LUCRE, FIE ON CASH! WHO CARES FOR MONEY? IT'S SO MUCH TRASH! I'M THE MINSTREL, HAPPY AND GAY, WITH A SONG AND A VERSE I PAY MY WAY!
VERY PURTY--- BUT THE BUCK AND A HALF?
FORGET IT PAL, IT'S ON THE HOUSE, I'VE GOT LESS DOUGH THAN A POOR CHURCHMOUSE! BUT I SPREAD GOOD CHEER, THOUGH MY WAYS ARE STRANGE, SO MARK THIS TO CREDIT, AND KEEP THE CHANGE!
THAT MINSTREL CHARACTER CER-TAINLY BOUGHT YOUR LUTE FOR A SONG, GRANDPA!
WE-EL, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE... SO LONG AS HE PLANS TO USE IT FOR A GOOD PURPOSE!
BUT THE MINSTREL'S PLANS ARE FAR FROM GOOD! THAT NIGHT, AT A NEARBY JAIL...
OH, MR. WARDEN, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS, I'VE COME TO CHASE THOSE PRI-SON BLUES. THE MINSTREL'S SONGS AND CHEER-FUL RHYMES, MAKE THE TOUGHEST MUGS RE-PENT THEIR CRIMES!
A MINSTREL, HUH? YOUR MUSIC ISN'T GOING TO SOFTEN THE TOUGH BABIES WE'VE GOT HERE!


WE'LL SEE WHAT YOUR SONGS DO TO MAYHEM MIKE, PLUNDER PETE, AND BOB THE BUTCHER!
LEAD ME TO THEM... I'VE GOT A HUNCH MY MUSIC WILL SOFTEN THE TOUGHEST BUNCH!
PRESENTLY...
OH, YOU WHO LIVE IN PRISON WALLS, REMEMBER THAT THE SUNSHINE FALLS INTO EACH LIFE, IN SOME STRANGE WAY! EVEN YOU SEE THE SKY--TWICE A DAY!
TROW DA BUM OUT!
CAN DA SOB STUFF!
YOU DON'T LIKE MY LUTE? WELL, LACKADAY--- HERE'S ANOTHER INSTRUMENT I CAN PLAY!
REACH FOR THE CEILING, MR. WARDEN! THE OPA'S AGAINST ALL HOARDIN'! THERE'S A MANPOWER SHORTAGE IN THE FIELD OF CRIME, AND I AIM TO CURE IT WITH A GUN AND A RHYME!
HUH?
FOLLOW ME, MEN, TO A LIFE OF EASE! I MUST TROUBLE YOU, WARDEN --THE KEYS, IF YOU PLEASE!
AND AS SIRENS SCREAM, AND SEARCHLIGHTS THRUST THEIR LONG BEAMS INTO THE NIGHT...
CHEE, YOU'RE OKAY, MINSTREL! WE'RE WIT YA---A HUNNERT PERCENT! WOTCHER PLANS?
SONGS ARE SWEET, ARE TAKIN'! STICK WITH ME BOYS, AND WE'LL BRING HOME THE BACON!


DAYS PASS---AND A MUSICAL CRIME WAVE HITS THE CITY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MODOM?
THE FAMILY HEIRLOOMS! THE MINSTREL JUST STOLE THEM!
MY BANK ---ROBBED BY THE MINSTREL!
AND IN THE LAIR OF THE MINSTREL...
A HUNDRED GRAND--- AND THAT AIN'T HAY! WE'RE DOIN' BETTER EVERY DAY. PRETTY SOON WE'LL CALL A LAYOFF. THAT JOB TONIGHT WILL BE THE PAYOFF!
WHYNCHA CALL IT QUITS NOW, MINSTREL? I GOT A FUNNY FEELING THAT GOLDEN LAD'S GONNA BE ON OUR TAIL ANY SECOND!
YOU IRK ME, BOB, WHEN YOU IMPLY THAT GOLDEN LAD IS SMARTER THAN I TO PROVE A POINT---WHY, I'LL INVITE THE LAD TO OUR JOB TONIGHT
INVITE DA GOLDEN LAD? DAT KID'S DYNAMITE!


HELLO--- DAILY SCOOP? WELL, LISTEN, MATES, AND TAKE THIS AD AT YOUR REGULAR RATES! BZBZBZBZ...
WOW! DAT'S A HOT ONE!
DA MINSTREL SURE IS A CARD! SOME IMITATION! HAW!
THAT NIGHT---AT GRANDPA PRESTON'S ANTIQUE SHOP...
SAY, TOMMY, DID YOU SEE THIS? THE MINSTREL HAS A MESSAGE TO GOLDEN LAD HERE!
A MESSAGE? READ IT TO ME, GRANDPA!
"TO GOLDEN LAD: TO WHERE EACH IS ANOTHER, THE MINSTREL'S EN ROUTE, BROTHER WON'T KNOW BROTHER, BUT I'LL GET MY LOOT!" ... NOW WHAT IN TARNATION CAN HE MEAN BY THAT?
TO WHERE EACH IS ANOTHER...
TAKE CARE OF THE STORE, TOMMY. I'M GOIN' OUT FOR A WALK IN THE NIGHT AIR, TO SEE IF I CAN MAKE SOME SENSE OUT OF THAT RIDDLE!
OKAY, GRAND-PA!
I CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT, BUT MAYBE GOLDEN LAD CAN!

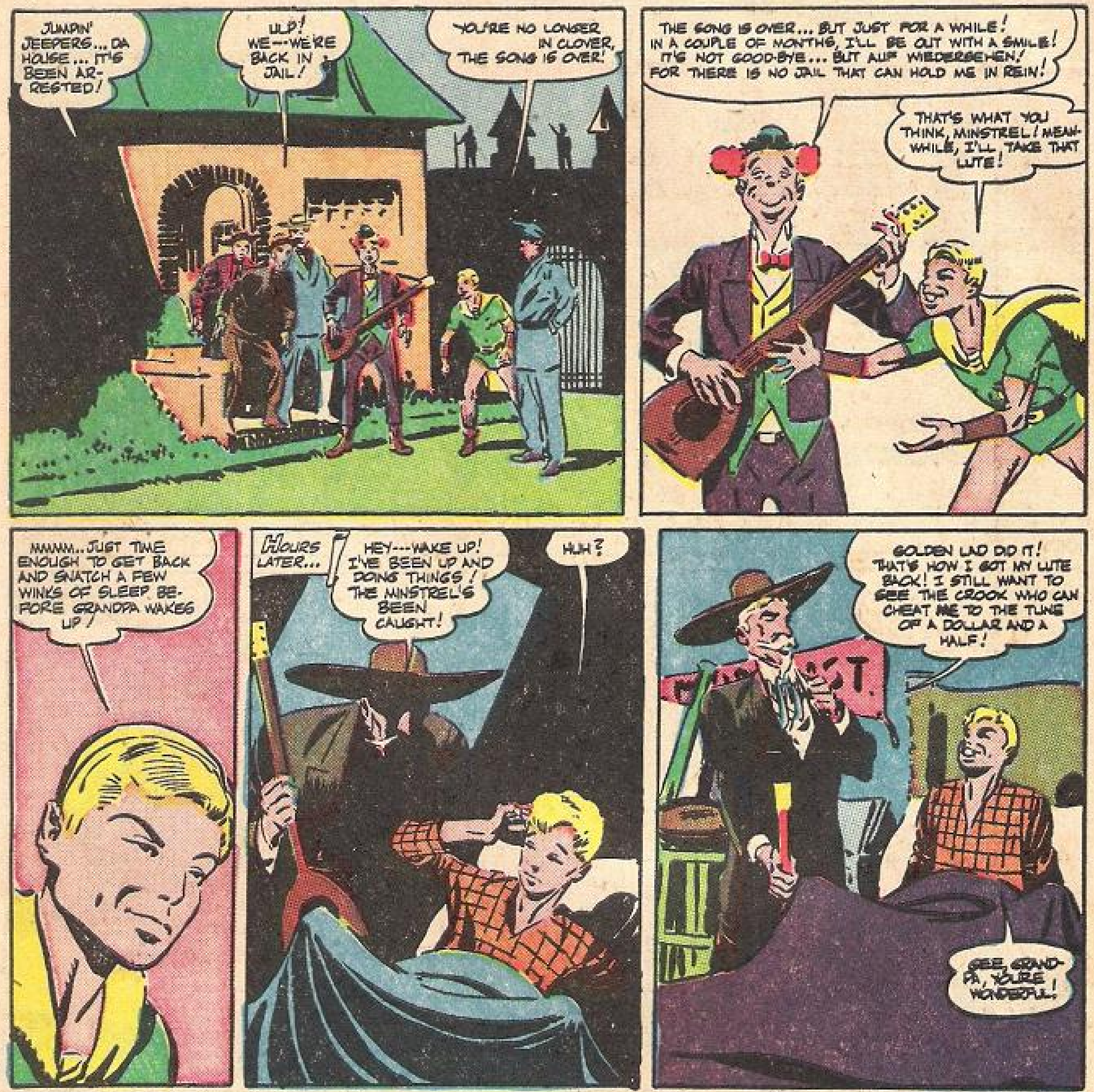

As GRANDPA LEAVES THE STORE, TOMMY TOUCHES THE GOLDEN HEART... THAT MAGIC TALISMAN OF AN ANCIENT STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM AND JUSTICE, AND...
...GOLDEN LAD SWINGS INTO ACTION!
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT GOLDEN LAD'S SUPER-BRAIN CAN MAKE OUT OF THIS VERSIFIED HASH!
WOW! I GOT IT! THE MINSTREL'S GOING TO SING A TUNE HE DOESN'T CARE FOR!
MOMENTS LATER....
THAT'S THE PLACE!
IS THIS THE...
GO RIGHT IN, SIR. I SEE YOU BELONG HERE!


WHERE EACH IS ANOTHER--THE ANNUAL VANDERSWINK MAS-QUERADE BALL! RICH PICKINGS FOR THE MINSTREL--BUT HE'S GONNA BE PLUCKED FIRST!
"BROTHER WON'T KNOW BROTHER"... THAT RIDDLE SURE WAS RIGHT! I CAN'T TELL THE MINSTREL AND HIS MOB APART FROM THE SOCIETY BIGWIGS. GUESS I BETTER WAIT TILL HE MAKES A BREAK.
SOON... THE ENTERTAINMENT BEGINS...
WITH SWORD IN BELT, AND RING IN EAR, I AM A HORRIBLE BUC-CANEER! I TAKE GOOD AIM, AND I NEVER MISS TILL I GET WHAT I WANT WITH MY DEADLY PISTOL!
I TAKE WHAT I WANT, BY GUILE AND BY STEALTH! FOR I AM THE MINSTREL--- AND I'M AFTER YOUR WEALTH!


OUR BLADES ARE KEEN, AND OUR GUNS ARE REAL, COUGH UP BEFORE YOU TASTE OUR STEEL!
C'MON... HAND DAT NECKLACE OVER!
NOT SO FAST, MY PIRATICAL FRIENDS! THIS PLANK'LL TAKE YOU FOR A WALK!
OUCH! DA GOLDEN LAD! HOW'D HE FIGGER DAT MESSAGE OUT?
CRASH!
YOU GUESSED MY RIDDLE... BUT TO NO AVAIL! WHO OPPOSES THE MINSTREL, IS BOUND TO FAIL! THIS BOMB'LL EXPLODE IN ONE MINUTE FLAT! AND WHILE YOU PLAY THE HERO, WE WILL SCAT!
I HAVE TO GET THAT BOMB OUT OF HERE BEFORE ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE BLOWN TO BITS!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER, MINSTREL. ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO PLAY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC ON YOUR CHIN!


LIKE A COMET GOLDEN LAD STREAKS SKYWARD--THE DEADLY BOMB IN HIS HAND!
WELL, IF I TIMED IT RIGHT, IT'S DUE TO GO OFF IN A COUPLE OF SECONDS!
COLORED LIGHTS... AND A MUSIC BOX... HMMM... WHAT NEXT?
PUFF!
TINKLE!
TINKLE!
SUDDENLY A VOICE COMES FROM THE MUSIC BOX!
YOU'VE BEEN FOOLED, OH TOODLEDOO! BUT THE MINSTREL WILL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CLUE! KNOCK AT THE DOOR, AND YOU'LL KNOW THE NUMBER OF THE EMPTY STREET AT WHICH I SLUMBER!
THAT ONE'S EASY, MINSTREL! TOO BAD YOU LIKE TO PLAY GAMES, BECAUSE I'M GONNA TOSS THAT MUSICAL BOMBSHELL RIGHT BACK IN YOUR FACE!
I'LL BE AT HIS PLACE BEFORE HE CAN SAY 1, 2... BUTTON MY SHOE, OR...


...3, 4, KNOCK AT MY DOOR! 34 BLANK STREET... I'LL JUST TAKE A PEEK AND MAKE SURE THIS IS THE PLACE...
GOLDEN LAD'S HIGH-VOLTAGE VISION PENETRATES THE BRICK WALLS, AND...
NOW IT'S MY TURN TO BE THE PRACTICAL JOKER! HAPPY DREAMS, MINSTREL!
I HAVE TO DO THIS GENTLY. I WOULDN'T DISTURB THE MINSTREL'S SLEEP FOR THE WORLD!
OH, OFF WE GO, INTO THE WIDE BLUE YONDER...
TIME PASSES AND THE MORNING SUN RISES ON A STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE SCENE! BUT FIRST, LET US LOOK IN ON THE MINSTREL AND HIS MOBSTERS AS THEY GREET THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY!
BOY, DAT WAS SOME JOB LAST NIGHT, MINSTREL! YOU SURE MADE DA GOLDEN LAD LOOK SILLY!
WELL, NOW MY LADS, YOU'LL HAVE NO DOUBTS, AS TO WHO'S THE GENIUS HERE-ABOUTS! LET'S GREET THE DAY WITH CHEER AND ZEAL, FOR WE'RE FREE TO SPEND, OR FREE TO STEAL! WE'RE FREE...
WE'RE FREE... OH ME! OH LACKADAY, THIS CANNOT BE! IT'S... IT'S A RANK IMPOSSIBILITY!


JUMPIN' JEEPERS... DA HOUSE... IT'S BEEN AR-RESTED!
ULP! WE--WE'RE BACK IN JAIL!
YOU'RE NO LONGER IN CLOVER, THE SONG IS OVER!
THE SONG IS OVER... BUT JUST FOR A WHILE! IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS, I'LL BE OUT WITH A SMILE! IT'S NOT GOOD-BYE... BUT AUF WIEDERSEHEN! FOR THERE IS NO JAIL THAT CAN HOLD ME IN REIN!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MINSTREL! MEAN-WHILE, I'LL TAKE THAT LUTE!
MMMM.. JUST TIME ENOUGH TO GET BACK AND SNATCH A FEW WINKS OF SLEEP BE-FORE GRANDPA WAKES UP!
HOURS LATER...
HEY---WAKE UP! I'VE BEEN UP AND DOING THINGS! THE MINSTREL'S BEEN CAUGHT!
HUH?
GOLDEN LAD DID IT! THAT'S HOW I GOT MY LUTE BACK! I STILL WANT TO SEE THE CROOK WHO CAN CHEAT ME TO THE TUNE OF A DOLLAR AND A HALF!
GEE, GRAND-PA, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

MYPY'K SVAP OMEQOY FV RYF EQ EAFVRPEZMYT ZHOFAPY VW RVGTYQ GET! (Code Word: GREAT)



Join THE GOLDEN LAD CLUB and you can read the message above! As a club member, you can write to other club members in the secret code and nobody else can read it! Form an INNER CIRCLE of the GOLDEN LAD CLUB in your town Fill out the coupon below NOW!

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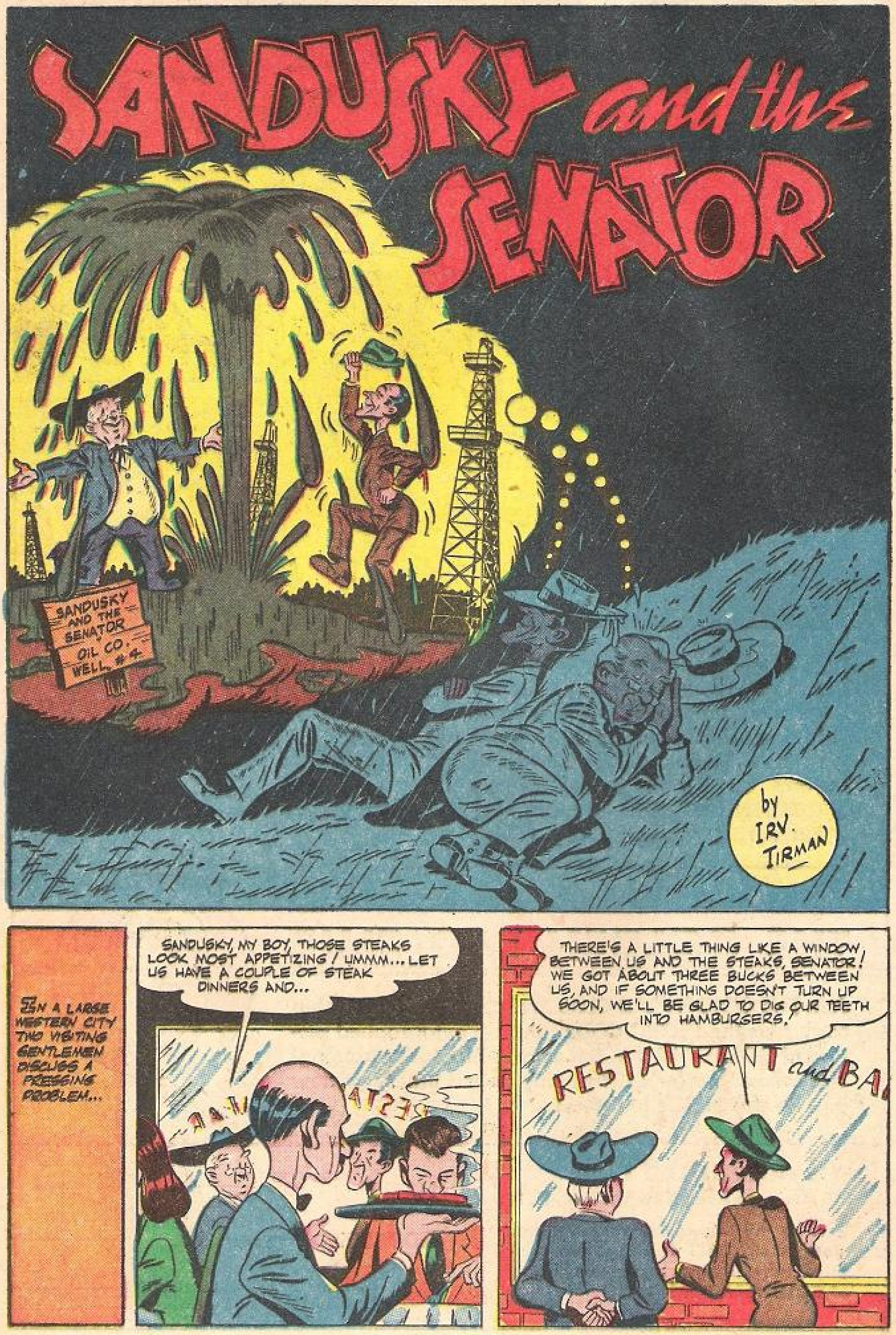
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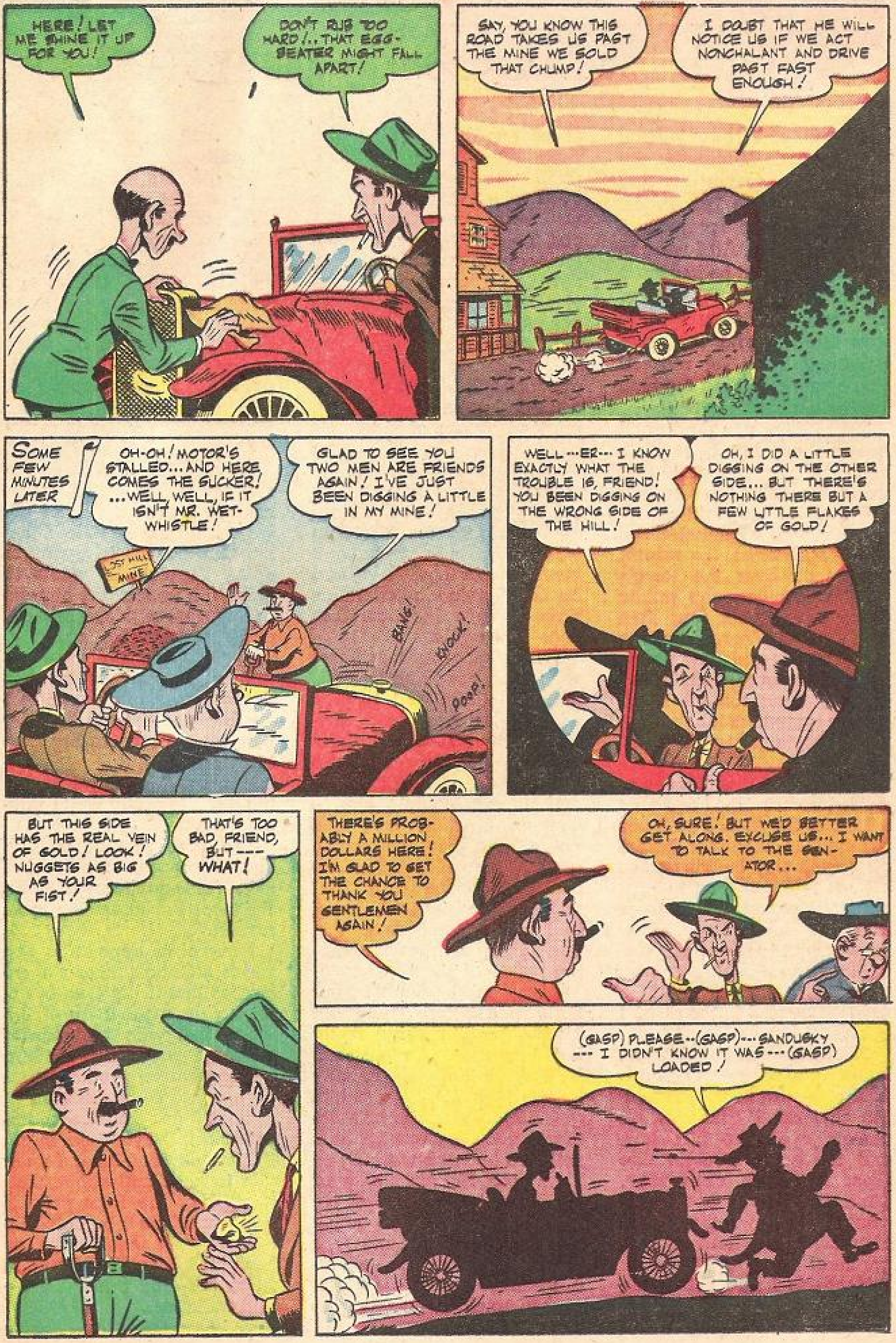

SANDUSKY and the SENATOR
SANDUSKY AND THE SENATOR OIL CO. WELL #4
by IRV. TIRMAN
IN A LARGE WESTERN CITY TWO VISITING GENTLEMEN DISCUSS A PRESSING PROBLEM...
SANDUSKY, MY BOY, THOSE STEAKS LOOK MOST APPETIZING! UMMM... LET US HAVE A COUPLE OF STEAK DINNERS AND...
THERE'S A LITTLE THING LIKE A WINDOW BETWEEN US AND THE STEAKS, SENATOR! WE GOT ABOUT THREE BUCKS BETWEEN US, AND IF SOMETHING DOESN'T TURN UP SOON, WE'LL BE GLAD TO DIG OUR TEETH INTO HAMBURGERS!
RESTAURANT and BA


SANDUSKY! LOOK!
WELL, I'LL BE--- "MAGNANIMOUS MIKE!" OIL UP YOUR CHOPPERS, SENATOR! HERE'S WHERE WE PUT ON THE FEEDBAG!
HI'YA, MIKE! MIND IF WE JOIN YA?
NOT AT ALL, GENTS! I WAS HOPING SOME OLD PALS WOULD TURN UP IN THIS BURG!
WAITER! TWO OF THEM STEAKS!
YES! AND TWO FOR ME ALSO!
COMES THE CHECK...
MOST EMBARRASSING! BRUMPH! I SEEM TO HAVE LEFT MY WALLET BEHIND!
KNOWIN' YOUR GENEROUS HABITS, MIKE, WE WAS KINDA HOPIN' YOU'D STAKE US TO THIS MEAL!
BILL
I'M BROKE, SANDUSKY! FACT IS, I WAS TRYING TO FIGURE A WAY TO GET OUTA PAYIN' THE CHECK, MYSELF!
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! THIS WAY, PLEASE!
I'M AN OLD HAND AT THIS, SANDUSKY, BUT THAT TECHNEEK I AIN'T NEVER SEE'D BEFORE.
HOW COME A PROSPEROUS GENT LIKE YOU, MIKE, HAPPENS TO BE BROKE?
I SUNK MY LAST 500 BUCKS IN A PHONEY GOLD-MINE! IMAGINE---ME---FALLIN' FOR A DEAL, LIKE THAT!


I GUESS I'M A SUCKER FOR AN HONEST FACE. THIS HERE DEED AIN'T EVEN WORTH THE PAPER IT'S WROTE ON!
WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER YOU THE GENEROUS SUM OF ONE DOLLAR FOR YOUR PIECE OF PAPER, MIKE!
OUTSIDE
HERE YOU ARE, MIKE!
SOLD, SENATOR! WELL BOYS---ADIEE-OO ---THAT'S FRENCH YA KNOW!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SPENDING A BUCK FOR THAT PHONEY DEED, SENATOR? NOW WE ONLY GOT TWO BUCKS LEFT!
NONSENSE, MY BOY! WE HAVE THE DEED... WHY NOT CREATE THE MINE?
YOU MEAN BUY SOME GOLD DUST AND SALT A MINE?
PRECISELY!
LATER...
YOU'RE SURE THIS AIN'T PRIVATELY-OWNED LAND AND WE CAN STAKE IT OUT?
YOU MAY RELY ON MY JUDGMENT, MY DEAR SANDUSKY! SHALL WE GO FOR THE---AHEM---PROPS?
LOST HILL MINE
GETTING THE "PROPS"...
TWO DOLLARS WORTH, PLEASE. IT'S A PRESENT FOR MY LITTLE NIECE... THE DEAR CHILD NEVER SAW GOLD DUST!
GOLD DUST PETE
ONE MORE "PROP"...
I PROMISED ONE OF MY CONSTITUENTS THAT I WOULD OBTAIN THE PELT OF A COYOTE FOR HIM! WE SHALL RETURN YOUR WEAPON PROMPTLY!
...AND A 'GOLD MINE' IS CREATED!...
AH, A WONDERFUL INVENTION, THE SHOTGUN!
ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU CAN SHOOT GOLD DUST INTO THE GROUND SO IT'LL LOOK LIKE A GOLD MINE! GRAB A HANDFUL OF DIRT, SENATOR!
LOST HILL MINE


WE'D BETTER SEPARATE HERE, SENATOR! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE HOTEL LOBBY! GOT EVERYTHING STRAIGHT?
LATER
I SAY THERE, MR. SANDUSKY...
YES, SENATOR? COME TO PICK UP THE DEED?
THAT IS WHAT I WISHED TO SPEAK ABOUT, YES... MOST OF MY FUNDS, NATURALLY, ARE IN WASHINGTON! I'VE TELEGRAPHED MY SECRETARY TO SEND THE NECESSARY AMOUNT!
THERE SEEMS, HOWEVER, TO HAVE BEEN SOME DELAY! I WOULD LIKE AN EXTENSION OF MY TIME!
NO, SIR! YOU HAVE EXACTLY ONE HOUR IN WHICH TO BUY MY GOLD MINE! IF YOU DON'T, YOU LOSE IT--- AND I HOPE YOU DON'T!
IN FACT, I JUST LEARNED HOW VALUABLE MY MINE IS! YOUR OPTION IS PRACTICALLY ROBBERY!
YOU'RE A HARD MAN, MR. SANDUSKY! I SHALL GO TO MY ROOM AND WAIT FOR WORD FROM MY SECRETARY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
AH, OUR LITTLE SCHEME MUST BE WORKING!
COME IN!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM HORACE J. WETWHISTLE, MANUFACTURER OF WETWHISTLE-COLA! I ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD YOUR CONVERSATION DOWN IN THE LOBBY, SENATOR, AND I AGREE THAT MR. SANDUSKY IS A HARD MAN!
THANK YOU, SIR! I DO FEEL THAT I AM JUSTIFIED IN MY STAND!
DID YOU HAVE HIS MINE EXAMINED?
CERTAINLY! I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, SIR, THE GOLD IS FAIRLY POPPING FROM THE GROUND! SEE FOR YOURSELF!


HUM!... WHAT DID YOUR OPTION COST, SENATOR?
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS AND CALLS FOR THE DELIVERY OF THE MINE ON PAYMENT OF SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY MORE!
IN A HALF HOUR YOU WILL LOSE IT! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE HUNDRED FOR YOUR OPTION, SO YOU'LL DOUBLE YOUR MONEY INSTEAD OF LOSING!
STILL FIFTEEN MORE MINUTES BEFORE THE SENATOR'S OPTION IS UP! I'VE TAKEN IT OVER, SO HERE'S THE REST OF YOUR MONEY, MR. SANDUSKY!
I BEEN OUT-SMARTED BY YOU CITY SLICKERS!
THE LOST HILL MINE, HUH! WELL, SO LONG--- SUCKERS!
YOU KNOW, SANDUSKY, I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MAN IS A CONFIDENCE MAN--- BUT LEGAL!
WITH YOUR FIVE HUNDRED, THAT NETS US SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY CLAMS APIECE, SENATOR! NOT BAD!
THANK YOU! I TRUST YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THE WISDOM OF MY ADVICE IN THE FUTURE!
IN THE MEANTIME, I SUGGEST THAT WE DE-PART ---ER--- HURRIEDLY BEFORE THE RETURN OF MR. WETWHISTLE!
THAT'S ONE BIT OF ADVICE I DON'T MIND TAKING, SEN-ATOR!
LATER
THIS FINE LITTLE CAR WILL COST YOU ONLY SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS!
IT AIN'T WORTH IT, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO WALK OUT OF TOWN---SO HERE'S THE DOUGH!
USED CARS


HERE! LET ME SHINE IT UP FOR YOU!
DON'T RUB TOO HARD!.. THAT EGG-BEATER MIGHT FALL APART!
SAY, YOU KNOW THIS ROAD TAKES US PAST THE MINE WE SOLD THAT CHUMP!
I DOUBT THAT HE WILL NOTICE US IF WE ACT NONCHALANT AND DRIVE PAST FAST ENOUGH!
SOME FEW MINUTES LATER
OH-OH! MOTOR'S STALLED... AND HERE COMES THE SUCKER! ...WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MR. WET-WHISTLE!
GLAD TO SEE YOU! TWO MEN ARE FRIENDS AGAIN! I'VE JUST BEEN DIGGING A LITTLE IN MY MINE!
LOST HILL MINE
BANG!
KNOCK!
POOF!
WELL --- ER --- I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THE TROUBLE IS, FRIEND! YOU BEEN DIGGING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE HILL!
OH, I DID A LITTLE DIGGING ON THE OTHER SIDE... BUT THERE'S NOTHING THERE BUT A FEW LITTLE FLAKES OF GOLD!
BUT THIS SIDE HAS THE REAL VEIN OF GOLD! LOOK! NUGGETS AS BIG AS YOUR FIST!
THAT'S TOO BAD, FRIEND, BUT--- WHAT!
THERE'S PROBABLY A MILLION DOLLARS HERE! I'M GLAD TO GET THE CHANCE TO THANK YOU GENTLEMEN AGAIN!
OH, SURE! BUT WE'D BETTER GET ALONG. EXCUSE US... I WANT TO TALK TO THE SENATOR...
(GASP) PLEASE--(GASP)---SANDUSKY --- I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS --- (GASP) LOADED!

SMART GUY By JERRY COLE

I'M NOT TRYING to tell you that Artie Winters is the smartest newspaper guy that ever pounded a typewriter, because I'm a little prejudiced in Artie's favor. All I want to get across is that he has more brains than anyone I've ever met—and I've seen plenty! You think maybe I'm exaggerating? Then let me tell you how Artie fixed Big Gun Thompson.

These days you don't read much about Big Gun. He's been in stir the last four years, his mob's been broken up, and all his political influence was smashed three years ago when the reform boys took over the town's politics. Besides, the public doesn't remember four, five years back. There's always new names, and new shootings, and everybody's too excited about today's headlines to remember much about yesterday's thirty-six point extras.

If you don't believe me, come into our office and take a look at the files. You'll see the story in headlines, beginning from way back when as a third rate punk he rated a couple of paragraphs on page four, to five years ago, when he was front page stuff, practically a respectable guy who appointed judges with a polite little nod to the district leaders.

Take a look at his pictures, while you're at it. Those bushy, beetle brows curtaining that dead cold look in narrow eyes, the firm jaw, and the cruel, straight line lips. A tough customer, Thompson, mean enough to send chills down the spines of some of the hardest, trigger-men.

Yeah—as I said before, he got away with everything—at least until he tangled with Artie Winters. At that time, Artie was trying to make good as a cub reporter on a big town sheet. He had a girl, too—Sally Jones, as good-looking and sweet natured a dame as ever set a run in a stocking. They were due to get married—but Sally never took that walk up the long, narrow aisle to the preacher's prayerbook. Instead, she walked into a stray bullet, pumped by one of Big Gun's boys. Naturally, that slug wasn't aimed at her. It was meant for some Kansas City punk who hadn't smiled right at Thompson. But Big Gun was riding high, wide, and handsome in those days, and he didn't mind much if his boys were a little careless once in a while.

Of course, everybody knew who was responsible for Sally's killing, and just as naturally, nobody did anything about it. Well, there was no holding Artie. He swore he'd get Thompson, and though we told him to shut up, he didn't care who heard him shoot his mouth off. That was at first. Then he quieted down and just watched and waited, calm, and sort of menacing. You could just feel the anger burning inside of him.

About three months after Sally was killed, Thompson hit the headlines—but really big this time. An assistant D.A. named Koppick—nobody knows how a guy like that got his job—decides he's going to make a name for himself, and he starts working on Thompson. Not just a play for publicity, but for keeps. He clamps down on the small operators first, then moves a notch higher, and soon everyone can see that he's working on the track that's going to lead straight to the bigshot himself!

People are beginning to wonder just when and how Thompson will go into action. They are figuring that one of these days Koppick's body will be hauled out of the river, or found neatly done up in a sack, or—well, you know the tricks of the trade as well as I do. We newspaper guys have seen to that.

BUT EVERYBODY is really surprised when Big Gun does take his first step. We can see where we've underestimated the guy. After all, we should have realized that Big Gun doesn't just want to erase Koppick—he wants to erase the notion that anyone can start up with him and get away with it. He wants to prove that he's really boss!

What happens, but that one day a bunch of us reporters are hanging around the Lily Bar, when in walks Big Gun himself.

"Hmmm," he says, "I see the press is pretty well represented here."

We nod, sort of affably, and Thompson winks and says, "This guy Koppick—he's finished. I'm attending to it, *myself*."

None of us appears to pay much attention, because we figures that if Big Gun is going to do a job himself, he won't feel very affectionate toward a guy that gives him a little advance publicity. And then comes the real starter!

"Don't get the wrong impression, boys," he says. "This isn't something I want you to keep still about. Blab it all over the front page if you want. You'll be doin' me a favor." At that he throws back his big head, and laughs fit to kill—and I mean kill—and walks out.

Then we catch on. Big Gun wants publicity. He wants it big. He's going to show the public for once how powerful he really is—so nobody'll make a serious attempt to bother him again!

Well, the papers go for it—and soon everybody in town knows that Big Gun is personally going to attend to Koppick. Koppick goes about his business as usual, but the odds against his saying "Happy New Year" to anybody goes up to about twenty to one.

The night Koppick gets his, Big Gun has an air tight alibi. He's holed up in his room on the fourth floor of the Pierpont Hotel, with two of Koppick's own trusted men sitting outside his door. He's requested them—for protection he says. Koppick is found about midnight, at the corner of 32nd and Main, two miles from the Pierpont Hotel, with a slug through his heart. The medics say he departs about eight.

Well, Koppick's own men swear that Thompson hasn't left the room all evening! They're telling the truth all right, and whatever else Thompson can do, he can't climb down no fourth story window like a human fly. So it's obvious that Big Gun hasn't committed this particular killing with his own hands like he threatened—only everybody knows that he did!

Nobody's going to inquire too carefully about how this perfect crime is worked—particularly since it's Big Gun that worked it out. That is, nobody, except Artie Winters! Artie begged the editor till he got himself assigned to the story, and was sent down to get a peek before Koppick was carted away. He saw what everybody else did. Koppick was lying on his back in a sand lot, a hole in his chest, and a big black cigar that had just about been [illegible] gripped tight in his teeth.

All the other scribes just went around taking a few notes, and saying, "tsk, tsk, isn't it just too bad." But Artie had our photog take a few shots of the ground Koppick had been lying on, and then he waited till no-one was looking, and snitched the cigar band off the cigar Koppick had just begun to smoke. Then he paid a few visits, ending up with the publisher of the *Clarion*.

He spent about fifteen minutes with old Fosdick, and then he and Fosdick went to Police Headquarters. Fosdick spoke to the captain in a quiet and convincing tone, and you could see the captain was scared stiff. Finally he got up, sort of reluctantly, called a couple of detectives, and the whole mob went up to visit Thompson, picking up a cigar store clerk on the way.

THOMPSON was very smug and cordial. But he stopped grinning when the captain produced a search warrant, even though the cop was shaking like a strip dancer with palsy. And by the time one of the coppers had found a gun with one shot fired under the mattress, Thompson was in a very bad mood, indeed.

"Well, that does it," says Artie, pointing at the roscoe.

"Who's this four-eyed pipsqueak, and where does he come off, telling me who did what?" asks Thompson.

So Artie introduces himself. "I'm a newspaper reporter," he says, "and you're the guy that's responsible for my girl, Sally Jones, getting killed. I couldn't pin that on you, but now I'm going to show how you killed Koppick."

Thompson sneered. "Me kill Koppick? You're nuts—he was bumped two miles from here, and I was never outside this room when he got it. You newspaper guys oughter know better than to believe what you read in the papers."

"Yeah," says Artie. "You were never outside this room—*but Koppick was!* You had one of your boys meet him across the street, promising that he'd spill the beans on you, good. And then you shoved a silencer on that roscoe, and let him have it right through the open window. Your mugs picked him up, and carted the body to Main and 32nd. You could have had somebody else do the job, but this time you really wanted to be a smart guy."

"That's a nice trick, sorry I didn't think of it myself," says Big Gun, "but you mean to tell me, you dragged these lunkheads," he indicated the cops, "here without proof?"

"No, we got proof," Artie says. "Take a look at this." And he shows Big Gun a picture. "It's a shot of the place they picked Koppick up from," says Artie. "You'll notice there ain't no blood on the ground."

"Besides," he says, "that cigar does it. It's a Morona Havana blend, and they don't sell 'em in many shops. But they do sell 'em in the stationary store across the street from here. Don't they, Collins?" And Artie looks at the little clerk.

"Yeah," says the clerk nervously. "Koppick bought it at my store a little before eight, last night. He lit it in the store but didn't have much time left to smoke. . . ."

Artie hit Thompson below the knees before Big Gun could reach his shoulder holster. And then the cops piled on top, and soon there wasn't room enough left for Thompson to move his jaw and say quits.

Thompson still had enough drag to beat the chair, but they put him away for keeps. That's why I say Artie Winters . . .

Yeah, that's him. The little, pale guy at the typewriter, with the glasses.

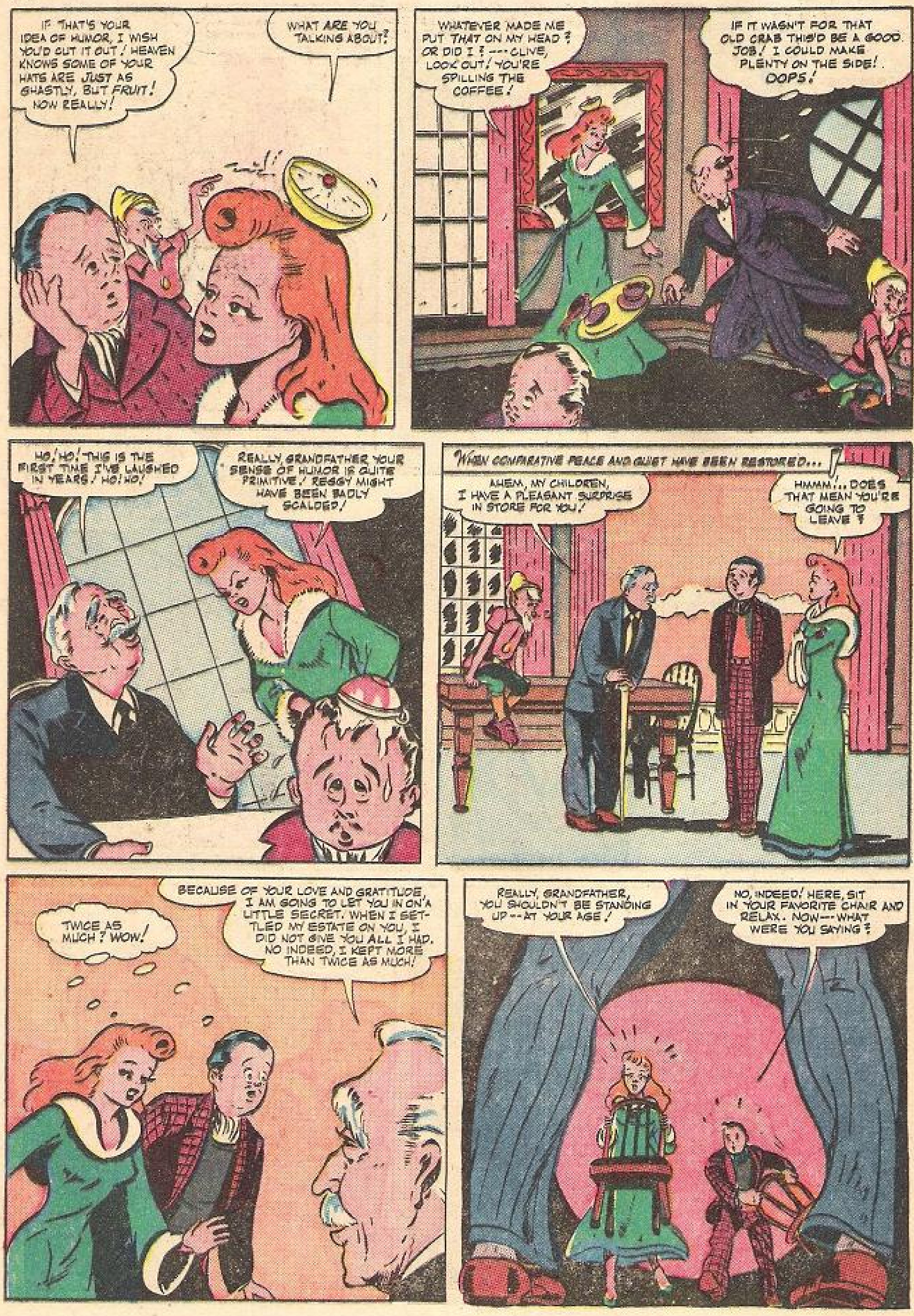
The End


THE SIGN OF GOOD READING
GREEN LAMA
IS ALWAYS FOUND AT THE SIGN OF GOOD COMICS
A CROSSEN KC PUBLICATION
Now
IS THE TIME TO START READING THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE GREEN-CLAD CRIME CRUSADER! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO BE HEP TO THE BEST IN COMICS IS STEP UP TO YOUR NEWSDEALER AND SAY:
"I WANT GREEN LAMA!"
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52 ACTION-PACKED PAGES!
GREEN LAMA


ENOCH SLY
TINKERS, ESPECIALLY SMALL ONES, ARE A CURIOUS PEOPLE... AFTER ALL, THE TINKER'S TRADE WENT OUT OF EXISTENCE MANY, MANY YEARS AGO. AND YET, THERE ARE STILL SOME OF THE SMALL PEOPLE WHO FOLLOW THAT TRADE... ONE OF THEM IS NAMED ENOCH SLY AND
MANY AND PECULIAR ARE HIS POWERS. BUT IF YOU'RE REALLY ANXIOUS TO KNOW A TINKER'S SECRETS --- WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE HOW...
"ENOCH SLY CUTS A PIE!"
MARV LEV
ENOCH SLY IS SLIGHT AND SPRY, BUT HE WILL NEVER TELL A LIE...
WOE, WOE IS ME! AH, ME! UN-HAPPY DAY!
MOURNFUL WORDS THOSE... ESPECIALLY WHEN SPOKEN BY A WEALTHY MAN LIKE YOURSELF!

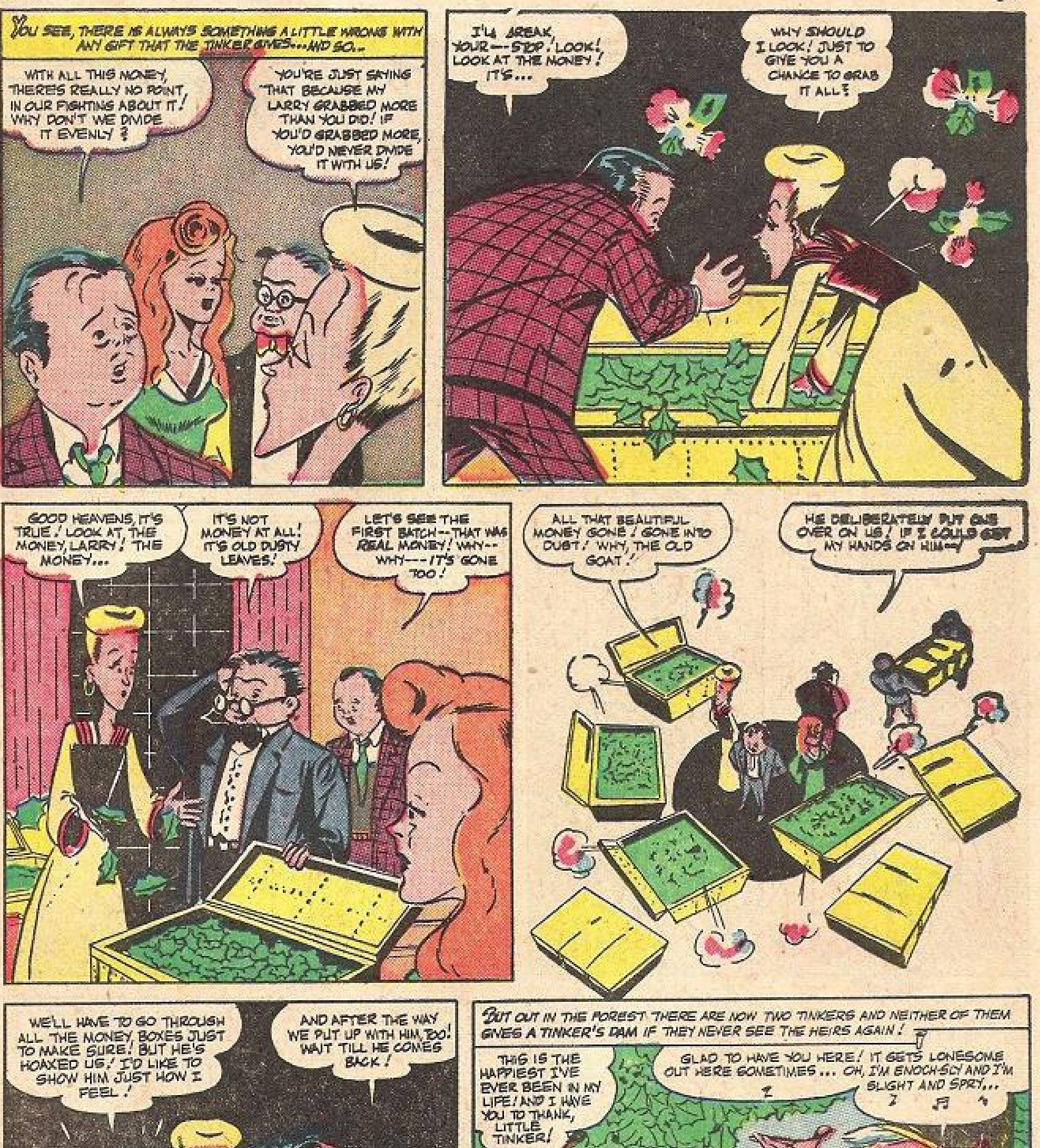

BUT I'M NO LONGER A RICH MAN! I--WHA-! YOU-- YOU'RE A TINKER! WHY, I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF YOU SINCE I WAS A LAD!
THERE AREN'T MANY OF US STILL AROUND AND YOU MAY BET ON THAT! BUT WHY ALL THE WEEPING AND WAILING?
I AM THE UNHAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD! MY CHILDREN'S CHILDREN HAVE NO USE FOR ME! WOE TO THE DAY I WAS BORN!
LAY OFF THE WOES AND TEARS AND TELL ME THE FACTS!
I AM OLD AND I WANTED TO SEE THE OFFSHOOT OF MY LINE HAPPY SO I GAVE THEM ALL MY MONEY. I SPLIT IT AMONG THEM.
ENOUGH! THAT IS ONE STORY I HAVE HEARD A HUNDRED TIMES! ONCE THEY HAD YOUR MONEY THEY WANTED NO MORE OF YOU! AM I RIGHT?
TOO RIGHT. THEY QUARREL ALL THE TIME ABOUT WHOSE CHORE IT IS TO HAVE ME AS A VISITOR. THEN, ONCE I COME TO VISIT... THEY FIGHT ABOUT HOW TO GET RID OF ME FASTEST!
AH... BUT I'LL MAKE YOU A WAGER THAT BEFORE YOU GAVE THEM THE MONEY THEY WERE ALL HONEY AND LIGHT, EH?
WHAT, THEN, IF THEY THOUGHT YOU HAD MORE MONEY? DON'T YOU THINK THEY'D BE FIGHTING FOR YOUR COMPANY?
BAH! I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT! BUT MY FAMILY WOULD HAVE TO SEE THE MONEY BEFORE THEY'D BELIEVE IT!
THEN MONEY THEY SHALL SEE! AH, YES! ENOCH SLY IS SLIGHT AND SPRY! BUT HE WILL NEVER TELL A LIE. IF HE SEES MONEY IN THE SKY, IT'LL BE THERE LIKE RAISINS IN A PIE!


SO THAT IS THE PLACE YOU GAVE TO YOUR UNGRATEFUL GRANDCHILDREN?
YES. ALL OF MY MONEY, ALL OF THE VAST LEAR ESTATE HAVE I CEDED TO THEM... AND FOR WHAT? INGRATITUDE!
HERE COMES THE OLD NUISANCE NOW! OUT WALKING BEFORE BREAKFAST! HE CAN'T STAY IN BED LIKE ANYONE ELSE... BAH!
BUT WON'T THEY SEE YOU, MY LITTLE TINKER?
SUCH AS THESE, SEE SUCH AS ME? NEVER! TO THEM I AM AS INVISIBLE AS THEIR GRATITUDE!
YOU SAW THAT? EVEN THE GATEKEEPER SNARLS AT ME! IT WAS NOT ALWAYS THUS!
HERE COMES THE OLD GOAT NOW! ISN'T HE EVER GOING TO DIE?
DIE?-- HE'LL PROBABLY LIVE FOREVER -- STANDING AROUND DISAPPROVING OF THE WAY WE LIVE! WHEN'S ALBERTINA GOING TO TAKE HIM FOR A WHILE?
HE'S BEEN HERE FOR THREE DAYS, AND IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE A DAY OVER THREE WEEKS!
I'LL MAKE ALBERTINA TAKE HIM! AFTER ALL, SHE SHARED THE MONEY! NOW SHE OUGHT TO SHARE THE NUISANCE!
THIS IS INDEED HARD TO BEAR! HIS OWN CHILDREN!
REALLY, REGINALD, DO YOU HAVE TO STUFF YOURSELF LIKE THAT? YOU'RE AS BAD AS THE OLD MAN! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT FISH!
HUH? BUT I DIDN'T! WHAT GOES ON HERE?


IF THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF HUMOR, I WISH YOU'D CUT IT OUT! HEAVEN KNOWS SOME OF YOUR HATS ARE JUST AS GHASTLY, BUT FRUIT! NOW REALLY!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHATEVER MADE ME PUT THAT ON MY HEAD? OR DID I? ---CLIVE, LOOK OUT! YOU'RE SPILLING THE COFFEE!
IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT OLD CRAB THIS'D BE A GOOD JOB! I COULD MAKE PLENTY ON THE SIDE!
OOPS!
HO! HO! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE LAUGHED IN YEARS! HO! HO!
REALLY, GRANDFATHER, YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IS QUITE PRIMITIVE! REGGY MIGHT HAVE BEEN BADLY SCALDED!
WHEN COMPARATIVE PEACE AND QUIET HAVE BEEN RESTORED...
AHEM, MY CHILDREN, I HAVE A PLEASANT SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOU!
HMMM!... DOES THAT MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE?
BECAUSE OF YOUR LOVE AND GRATITUDE, I AM GOING TO LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET. WHEN I SETTLED MY ESTATE ON YOU, I DID NOT GIVE YOU ALL I HAD. NO INDEED, I KEPT MORE THAN TWICE AS MUCH!
TWICE AS MUCH? WOW!
REALLY, GRANDFATHER, YOU SHOULDN'T BE STANDING UP--AT YOUR AGE!
NO, INDEED! HERE, SIT IN YOUR FAVORITE CHAIR AND RELAX. NOW--WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?


I WANT YOU TO CALL THE REST OF THE FAMILY TOGETHER SO THAT I CAN SHOW YOU WHAT IS LEFT AND HOW I AM GOING TO DISTRIBUTE IT.
WON'T YOU PUT YOUR FEET UP ON THIS STOOL, SIR? YOU'LL FIND IT MORE COMFORTABLE!
OH, REALLY? MUST WE CALL IN THE REST? AFTER ALL, THEY DON'T LOVE YOU THE WAY WE DO, GRANDFATHER DEAR!
BESIDES, ALBERTINA ALREADY HAS SO MUCH MONEY, GRANDFATHER!
I SAID TO CALL THEM! ALL OF THEM!
OF COURE, GRANDFATHER! IM-MEDIATELY!
YOUR SLIGHTEST WISH IS MY COMMAND, GRANDFATHER! YOU KNOW THAT!
WHAT'D I TELL YOU?
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THEIR FACES WHEN YOU MAKE THE MONEY APPEAR! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW...
A LITTLE LATER...
GET OUT OF THE WAY! WHEN THAT HORDE SEES THIS, THEY'LL TRAMPLE YOU!
I WASN'T GOING TO SHOW YOU THIS MONEY AT ALL, BUT YOU'VE BEEN SUCH DUTIFUL CHILDREN THAT I WANTED YOU TO SEE WHAT'S IN STORE FOR YOU!
IF YOU'LL GO TO THE WINDOW, YOU'LL SEE WHAT I HAVE BEEN SAVING FOR YOU, MY WONDERFUL CHILDREN!
GET OUT OF MY WAY, ALBERT-INA!
LARRY! DON'T LET HIM TALK TO ME THAT WAY!
YOU HEARD HIM! SHUT UP AND GET OUT OF MY WAY!

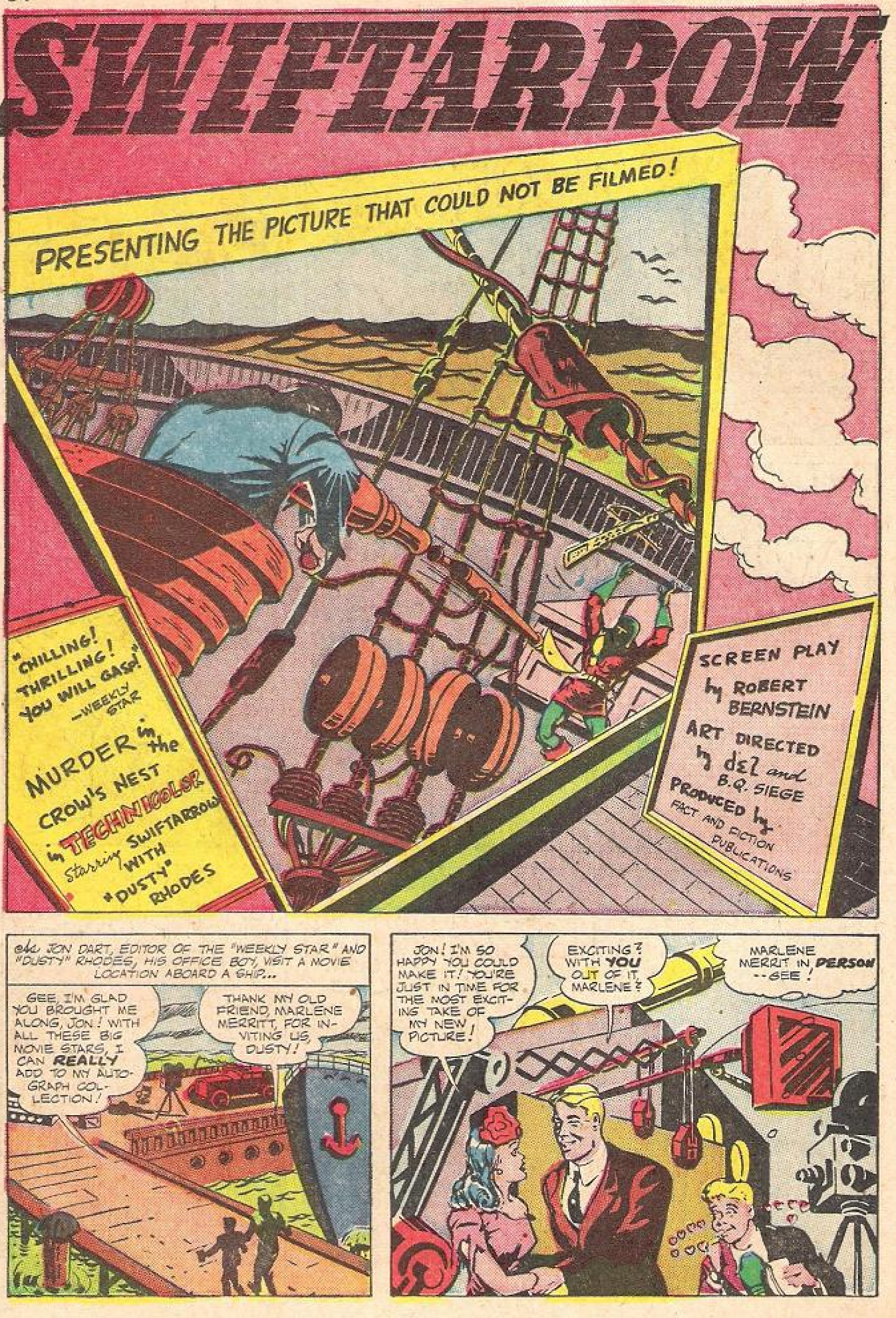

—GASP!
YES! THOSE TRUCKS HOLD THE REST OF MY FORTUNE!
I DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS THIS MONEY IN THE WORLD!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! GRANDFATHER DEAR, HOW DO YOU SUGGEST WE DIVIDE THIS?
I'M GOING TO LET YOU DIVIDE IT AMONGST YOURSELVES AS YOU SEE FIT! WELL, SO LONG, CHILDREN DEAR!
WHAT?
I HAVE A STRONG STOMACH, BUT I DON'T THINK I CAN STAND MORE OF THIS! LET'S GET OUT INTO THE CLEAN AIR!
NOR CAN I! THIS HAS SHOWN ME HOW FOOLISH I WAS TO DE-VOTE MY LIFE TO MONEY-MAKING! IN A WAY, I SUPPOSE IT'S MY FAULT THAT THEY ARE WHAT THEY ARE! COME, LET US BE GONE!
WHERE SHALL WE GO?
WHERE BETTER THAN BACK TO WHERE I BELONG?
YOU SEE, TO FIX A POT YOU HAVE TO MAKE A DAM OF LEAD FIRST.
I SEE... SO THAT'S WHERE THE EXPRESSION "A TINKER'S DAM" COMES FROM! I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS!.. I'D LIKE TO SEE THEIR FACES WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHAT THAT MONEY REALLY IS!


YOU SEE, THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING A LITTLE WRONG WITH ANY GIFT THAT THE TINKER GIVES...AND SO...
WITH ALL THIS MONEY, THERE'S REALLY NO POINT IN OUR FIGHTING ABOUT IT! WHY DON'T WE DIVIDE IT EVENLY ?
YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT BECAUSE MY LARRY GRABBED MORE THAN YOU DID! IF YOU'D GRABBED MORE, YOU'D NEVER DIVIDE IT WITH US!
I'LL BREAK YOUR---STOP! LOOK! LOOK AT THE MONEY! IT'S...
WHY SHOULD I LOOK! JUST TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GRAB IT ALL?
GOOD HEAVENS, IT'S TRUE! LOOK AT THE MONEY, LARRY! THE MONEY...
IT'S NOT MONEY AT ALL! IT'S OLD DUSTY LEAVES!
LET'S SEE THE FIRST BATCH--THAT WAS REAL MONEY! WHY--WHY---IT'S GONE TOO!
ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL MONEY GONE! GONE INTO DUST! WHY, THE OLD GOAT!
HE DELIBERATELY PUT ONE OVER ON US! IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON HIM--!
WE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THE MONEY BOXES JUST TO MAKE SURE! BUT HE'S HOAXED US! I'D LIKE TO SHOW HIM JUST HOW I FEEL!
AND AFTER THE WAY WE PUT UP WITH HIM, TOO! WAIT TILL HE COMES BACK!
BUT OUT IN THE FOREST THERE ARE NOW TWO TINKERS AND NEITHER OF THEM GIVES A TINKER'S DAM IF THEY NEVER SEE THE HEIRS AGAIN!
THIS IS THE HAPPIEST I'VE EVER BEEN IN MY LIFE! AND I HAVE YOU TO THANK, LITTLE TINKER!
GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE! IT GETS LONESOME OUT HERE SOMETIMES... OH, I'M ENOCH-SLY AND I'M SLIGHT AND SPRY...



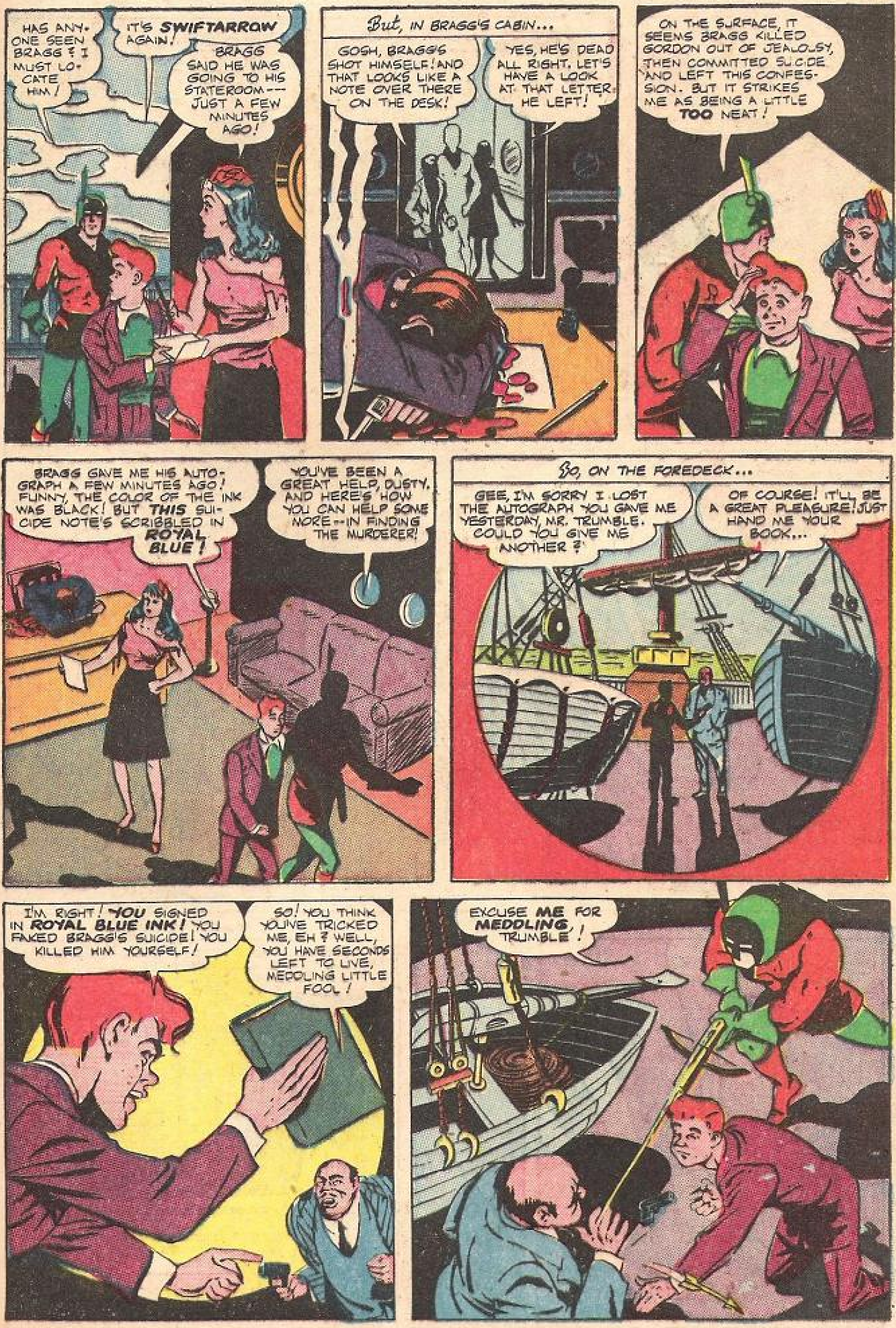
SAM STUPER, SLEUTH
AL WIEDERMAN
IN THE OFFICE OF SNARUM, INC., ACE DETECTIVE AGENCY
ALL OTHER DETECTIVES HAVE TRIED AND HAVE FAILED, SAM, SO INSTEAD OF GIVING UP, WE'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU THE CASE, WHICH IS JUST AS BAD.
I CAN SEE YOU'VE BEEN MISINFORMED, CHIEF. I'LL VENTURE FORTH TO PROVE SAME.
NOW WHY DID I HAVE TO TAKE THE JOB OF CATCHING THE 'DIPPER'. I'LL NEVER DO IT. HE'S AS SLIPPERY AS AN EEL... OOPS!
SLOW DOWN, BUD. WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, I AM SAM STUPER, SLEUTH. I HAVE TO CATCH THE 'DIPPER' AND I HAVE A HUNCH I KNOW WHERE HE IS AT.
WELL, TAKE IT EASY, I'M THE "DIPPER" AND I HAVEN'T GOTTEN DERE YET!

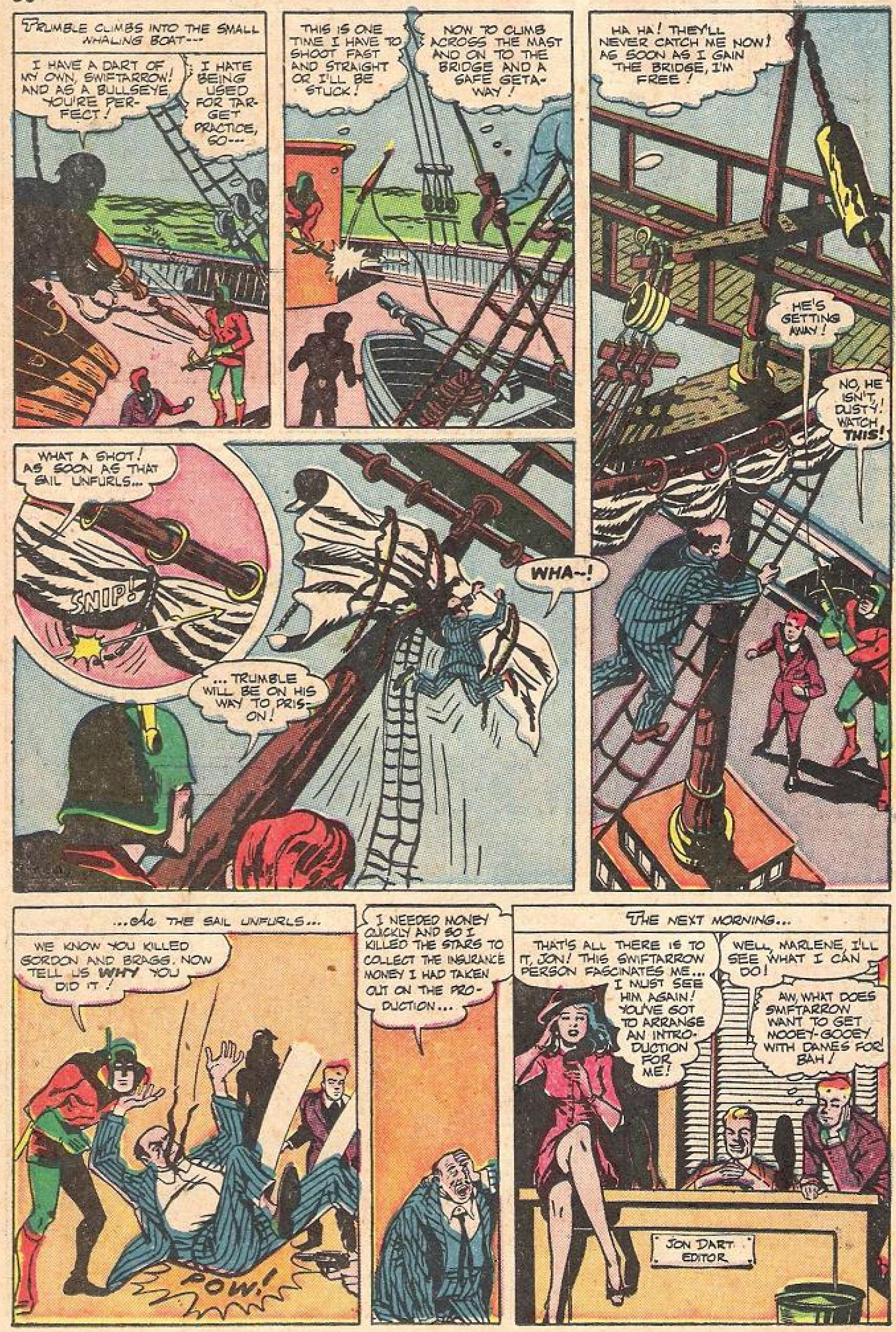

OOPS! GOL DERN IT! I MISSED THE "DIPPER"!
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!
I'LL NEVER CATCH THE 'DIPPER' HE'S .... WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW... A CARNIVAL! I'LL GO IN AND LOOK AROUND WHILE I THINK OF WAYS AND MEANS OF CAPTURING THE CROOK.
TRY YOUR LUCK, MISTER. ONE BALL FOR A DIME. KNOCK OVER THE PIN AND WIN A PRIZE!
I HAVEN'T HAD ANY EXCERCISE IN A LONG TIME, I'LL TRY IT.
I SHOT 10
HELP! POLICE!
HUH.... HEY!
GOL DERN IT! HE THREW ME OFF MY SHOT WITH HIS YELLING! OOOOH! I HIT SOMEONE WITH THE BALL INSTEAD!
THUD!
GIVE HIM AIR, PEOPLE. WOW!! IT'S THE 'DIPPER'!
LATER
HERE'S YOUR MAN, CHIEF, IT WAS A TOUGH FIGHT.
WELL, I'LL BE...
HOW YOU DID IT, SAM, I'LL NEVER KNOW.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, CHIEF!!


SWIFTARROW
PRESENTING THE PICTURE THAT COULD NOT BE FILMED!
"CHILLING! THRILLING! YOU WILL GASP!" —WEEKLY STAR
MURDER in the CROW'S NEST in TECHNICOLOR Starring SWIFTARROW WITH "DUSTY" RHODES
SCREEN PLAY by ROBERT BERNSTEIN
ART DIRECTED by d&Z and B.Q. SIEGE
PRODUCED by FACT AND FICTION PUBLICATIONS
AS JON DART, EDITOR OF THE "WEEKLY STAR" AND "DUSTY" RHODES, HIS OFFICE BOY, VISIT A MOVIE LOCATION ABOARD A SHIP...
GEE, I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT ME ALONG, JON! WITH ALL THESE BIG MOVIE STARS, I CAN REALLY ADD TO MY AUTO-GRAPH COL-LECTION!
THANK MY OLD FRIEND, MARLENE MERRITT, FOR IN-VITING US, DUSTY!
JON! I'M SO HAPPY YOU COULD MAKE IT! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE MOST EXCIT-ING TAKE OF MY NEW PICTURE!
EXCITING? WITH YOU OUT OF IT, MARLENE?
MARLENE MERRIT IN PERSON --GEE!


THAT'S MY CO-STAR, GIL GORDON, CLIMBING THE RIGGING... WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT HE DOES WHEN HE GETS TO THE CROW'S NEST...
SUDDENLY...
GREAT SCOTT! THERE WAS A BOMB THERE!
BOOOM!
IN THE CONFUSION THAT FOLLOWS....
THIS LOOKS LIKE MURDER--AND SWIFTARROW IS NEEDED HERE! LUCKY I BROUGHT MY COSTUME ALONG!
OHHH ...POOR GIL!
A QUICK CHANGE OF IDENTITY, AND SWIFTARROW, BATTLER AGAINST CRIME, SPEEDS INTO ACTION
LOOK! HERE'S SWIFT-ARROW!
GOSH, SWIFT-ARROW, HOW'D YOU GET HERE SO FAST?
HMM... THIS MAKES SENSE! A FRAGMENT OF A HAND GRENADE AND A PIECE OF CORD ATTACHED TO THE RIGGING LADDER!
THIS EVIDENCE PROVES THAT GIL GORDON WAS MURDERED!--BY SOMEONE ON THIS SET! LET ME ILLUSTRATE...
AS GORDON'S FOOT CAME DOWN ON THE ROPE LADDER, HIS WEIGHT PULLED A CORD WHICH WAS TIED TO THE PIN OF A HAND GRENADE IN THE CROW'S NEST. THE PIN CAME OUT AND THE GRENADE EXPLODED!
SO WHAT? THE WORLD WON'T MISS A HAM LIKE GORDON! I CAN PLAY HIS ROLE THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE PLAYED--IF I WAS GIVEN A CHANCE!
YOU PLAY HIS ROLE, EH? YOU, RONALD BRAGG, PROBABLY MURDERED GORDON TO GET HIS PART!


YOU DIRTY LIAR! I'LL--
THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE POLICE! WE'LL LET THEM FIGURE IT OUT!
THE NEXT DAY... JON DART RECEIVES A PHONE CALL...
JON, YOU'VE GOT TO COME OUT TO THE SET. I'M AFRAID THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE WILL HAPPEN AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT, MARLENE. I'LL BE THERE, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY SAFER!
MEANWHILE, FROM INSIDE THE SHIP...
NOBODY WILL SUSPECT THAT JON DART IS SWIFT-ARROW--- WHAT'S THAT?
HELP!
ON THE SET THAT AFTERNOON...
I'LL SLIP OFF AND CHANGE FOR ACTION-- THIS PLACE NEEDS SOME INVESTIGATING!
THANKS FOR YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MR. BRAGG!
TUSH! SOME DAY MY AUTOGRAPH WILL BE WORTH A MILLION! I SAY THAT MODESTLY, MY LAD!
OHHH... MY HEAD! HE WAS BEATING ME WITH A CLUB... R-RAN AWAY WHEN HE SAW YOU COMING, SWIFT-ARROW!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, NOW, MR. TRUMBLE! DO YOU KNOW WHO SNEAKED UP ON YOU?
I SAW HIM ALL RIGHT! IT WAS BRAGG! IF YOU HADN'T COME IN THE NICK OF TIME HE'D HAVE MURDERED ME!
THANKS, MR. TRUMBLE! NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND BRAGG!

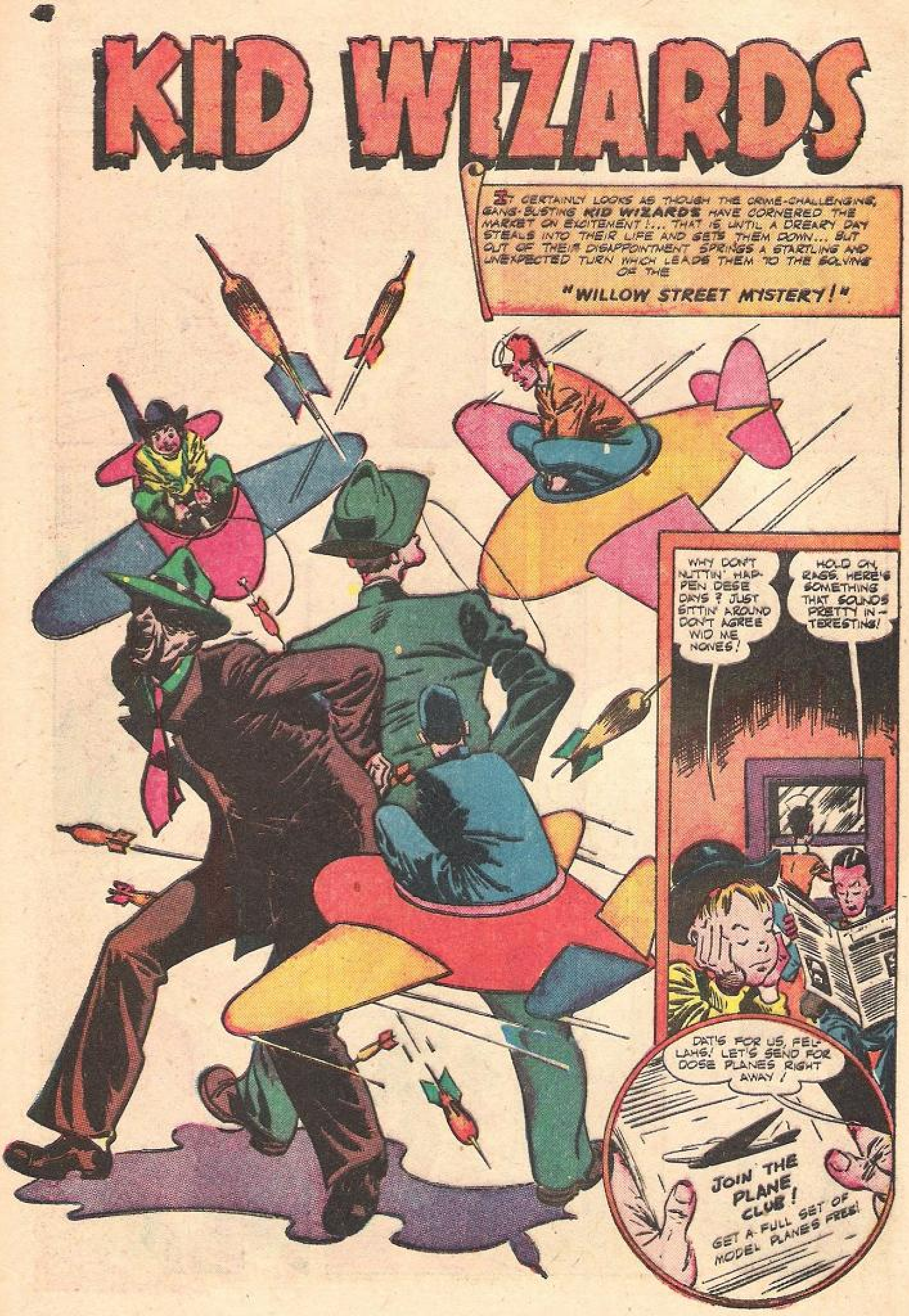

HAS ANY-ONE SEEN BRAGG? I MUST LOCATE HIM!
IT'S SWIFTARROW AGAIN!
BRAGG SAID HE WAS GOING TO HIS STATEROOM--- JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!
But, IN BRAGG'S CABIN...
GOSH, BRAGG'S SHOT HIMSELF! AND THAT LOOKS LIKE A NOTE OVER THERE ON THE DESK!
YES, HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT LETTER HE LEFT!
ON THE SURFACE, IT SEEMS BRAGG KILLED GORDON OUT OF JEALOUSY, THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE AND LEFT THIS CONFESSION. BUT IT STRIKES ME AS BEING A LITTLE TOO NEAT!
BRAGG GAVE ME HIS AUTOGRAPH A FEW MINUTES AGO! FUNNY, THE COLOR OF THE INK WAS BLACK! BUT THIS SUICIDE NOTE'S SCRIBBLED IN ROYAL BLUE!
YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT HELP, DUSTY, AND HERE'S HOW YOU CAN HELP SOME MORE--IN FINDING THE MURDERER!
So, ON THE FOREDECK...
GEE, I'M SORRY I LOST THE AUTOGRAPH YOU GAVE ME YESTERDAY, MR. TRUMBLE. COULD YOU GIVE ME ANOTHER?
OF COURSE! IT'LL BE A GREAT PLEASURE! JUST HAND ME YOUR BOOK...
I'M RIGHT! YOU SIGNED IN ROYAL BLUE INK! YOU FAKED BRAGG'S SUICIDE! YOU KILLED HIM YOURSELF!
SO! YOU THINK YOU'VE TRICKED ME, EH? WELL, YOU HAVE SECONDS LEFT TO LIVE, MEDDLING LITTLE FOOL!
EXCUSE ME FOR MEDDLING, TRUMBLE!


TRUMBLE CLIMBS INTO THE SMALL WHALING BOAT---
I HAVE A DART OF MY OWN, SWIFTARROW! AND AS A BULLSEYE, YOU'RE PERFECT!
I HATE BEING USED FOR TARGET PRACTICE, SO---
THIS IS ONE TIME I HAVE TO SHOOT FAST AND STRAIGHT OR I'LL BE STUCK!
NOW TO CLIMB ACROSS THE MAST AND ON TO THE BRIDGE AND A SAFE GETAWAY!
HA HA! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW! AS SOON AS I GAIN THE BRIDGE, I'M FREE!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
NO, HE ISN'T, DUSTY! WATCH THIS!
WHAT A SHOT! AS SOON AS THAT SAIL UNFURLS...
SNIP!
... TRUMBLE WILL BE ON HIS WAY TO PRISON!
WHA--!
...AS THE SAIL UNFURLS...
WE KNOW YOU KILLED GORDON AND BRAGG. NOW TELL US WHY YOU DID IT!
POW!
I NEEDED MONEY QUICKLY AND SO I KILLED THE STARS TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE MONEY I HAD TAKEN OUT ON THE PRODUCTION...
THE NEXT MORNING...
THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, JON! THIS SWIFTARROW PERSON FASCINATES ME... I MUST SEE HIM AGAIN! YOU'VE GOT TO ARRANGE AN INTRODUCTION FOR ME!
WELL, MARLENE, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
AW, WHAT DOES SWIFTARROW WANT TO GET MOOEY-GOOEY WITH DAMES FOR! BAH!
JON DART EDITOR


BUSTER GETS A JOB
I NEED MONEY FOR STAMPS AND BONDS... AND SKATES. I THINK I'LL GET A JOB. NOW, LET'S SEE... MAYBE I'LL...
... BE A BANKER.
HERE'S THE COMBINATION TO THE SAFE. TAKE OUT SOME DOUGH, FLO, AND BUY THREE ICE CREAM CONES
... OR A DEPARTMENT STORE MANAGER.
TOY DEPT.
TRY THIS SLIDE MADAM, YOU'LL ENJOY IT.
... OR A SENATOR.
... IN CONCLUSION, I PROPOSE THAT ANY TEACHER WHO GIVES HOMEWORK TO BE FINED A THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND FURTHERMORE...
SENATOR BUSTER
I. MENDEM TAILOR
BOY WANTED
BOY THIS JOB OUGHT TO SUIT ME.
HERE'S YOUR SIGN, THE JOB'S MINE. HOW MUCH?
I'LL PAY YOU A DOLLAR A WEEK, AND TIPS, LOT'S OF TIPS.
BOY WANTED
TO MR. MURRAY HURRY, 221 WALKAWAY ROAD.
O.K. BUB, YOU MENDEM, I SENDEM.


OOPS---I'M IN A HURRY TO SEE MR. MURRAY.
RIP!
I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO CLEAN UP ON THIS, MAKE TEN OR FIFTEEN DOLLARS.
THANKS FOR THE MUD, BUD.
I CAN SEE THIS JOB NEEDS CONCENTRA-
SHUN---WOW! I'M CAUGHT!
STREET BEING PAVED KEEP OFF
CRASH!
SLUSH!
THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR AT LEAST A DOLLAR TIP.


MEANWHILE IN MR. MURRAY HURRY'S HOME...
WHERE'S THE BOY WITH THE SUIT? I'LL BE LATE FOR THE DINNER, IF HE DOESN'T GET HERE SOON.
DON'T WORRY DEAR. HE'S ON HIS WAY NOW---
I'LL NEVER SEND A SUIT TO MENDEM AGAIN---OH, HERE HE IS NOW---
KNOCK
KNOCK
HERE'S YOUR SUIT HOW ABOUT A---
HMPH! SUCH FILTHY HANDS!
SLAM!
$1 TIP
NO TIP! WHAT A GYP!
IS THAT ME? NO WONDER, I DIDN'T GET A TIP!
I'M GOING TO GET A NICE CLEAN JOB, LIKE CLEANING CELLARS!


KID WIZARDS
IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS THOUGH THE CRIME-CHALLENGING, GANG-BUSTING KID WIZARDS HAVE CORNERED THE MARKET ON EXCITEMENT !... THAT IS UNTIL A DREARY DAY STEALS INTO THEIR LIFE AND GETS THEM DOWN... BUT OUT OF THEIR DISAPPOINTMENT SPRINGS A STARTLING AND UNEXPECTED TURN WHICH LEADS THEM TO THE SOLVING OF THE
"WILLOW STREET MYSTERY!"
WHY DON'T NUTTIN' HAP-PEN DESE DAYS ? JUST SITTIN' AROUND DON'T AGREE WID ME NONES!
HOLD ON, RAGS. HERE'S SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS PRETTY IN-TERESTING!
DAT'S FOR US, FEL-LAHS! LET'S SEND FOR DOSE PLANES RIGHT AWAY!
JOIN THE PLANE CLUB!
GET A FULL SET OF MODEL PLANES FREE!


A FEW DAYS LATER...
HERE'S A NICE BIG PACKAGE FOR YOU!
IT'S THE PLANE MODELS! HURRY, DICKIE, OPEN IT UP!
GEE, IT'S ONLY ONE PLANE! I THOUGHT WE WAS GETTING A WHOLE SET!
THERE'S A NOTE! LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS!
"DEAR MEMBER: HERE'S YOUR FIRST PLANE! TO GET YOUR NEXT PLANE JUST SEND IN A LIST OF TEN DIFFERENT AIRPLANES YOU HAVE SEEN FLYING OVER YOUR CITY DURING THE DAY, NAMING THE TYPE OF EACH PLANE AND STATING THE DIRECTION IN WHICH IT WAS FLYING. HURRY! GET YOUR NEXT PLANE!"
WHEEE! THAT'S AN EASY WAY, TO GET MORE PLANES LIKE THIS ONE! WE CAN ALL WATCH FOR PLANES AND POOL OUR INFORMATION!
BESIDES, IT'S AN EXCELLENT METHOD FOR TEACHING CHILDREN HOW TO IDENTIFY PLANES! A REAL EDUCATIONAL SERVICE!
LOOK AT HER GO!
LET'S SPOT TEN PLANES A DAY, FELLOWS, AND EARN OURSELVES SEVEN PLANES A WEEK!
OKAY! WE'LL DIVVY DA DAY INTO THREE WATCHES. DICKIE TAKES DA FOIST WATCH, STRETCH DA SECOND ONE, AND ME DA T'OID!
DERE'S A LIBERATOR! WE CAN START RIGHT NOW! PUT IT DOWN, DICK!


AS THE NEXT DAY DRAWS TO A CLOSE...
TWO SUPER-FORTRESSES FLYING NORTH, NORTH-WEST!
CHECK! THAT MAKES TEN PLANES FOR TODAY! LET'S MAIL THE LIST IN!
WOW! WHAT A HONEY! IT'S A P49 PURSUIT PLANE!
AND SO THE BOYS SEND IN THEIR DAILY REPORT AND EACH DAY THEY RECEIVE A MODEL PLANE
MEANWHILE, AT FBI HEADQUARTERS...
THE SHORT WAVE MESSAGE THAT CAME IN THIS MORNING HAS ME PLENTY WORRIED, LIEUTENANT STONE!
HERE IT IS, CAPTAIN HARDY. WE'VE JUST FINISHED DECODING IT!
BLAZES! IT'S JUST AS I SUSPECTED! A SECRET SHORT-WAVE STATION HAS BEEN GIVING THE JAPS DETAILED ACCOUNTS OF OUR PLANE SCHEDULES! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
YES, SIR!
CIRCULATE THESE INSTRUCTIONS THROUGH THE USUAL CHANNELS! LET ME KNOW AS SOON AS WE TRACE THAT WAVE-LENGTH!
YES, SIR!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE SHACK...
WELL, FELLAHS, MY WATCH IS OVER. IT'S YOUR TURN NOW, DICK.
OKAY, IN A MINUTE. BUT FIRST JUST HAVE A LOOK AT THIS!


THE FBI ASKS ALL AMERICANS TO BE ON THE ALERT FOR A GROUP OF SPIES WHO HAVE BEEN GIVING VITAL INFORMATION TO THE ENEMY. REPORT SUSPECTS TO THE FBI IN YOUR CITY.
I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE TRAITORS! PRETENDING TO BE LOYAL AMERICANS WHILE THEY BETRAY PLANE MOVEMENTS TO THE ENEMY!
DEM DOITY RATS. I'D LIKE TA USE DEM FOR A TARGET!
GULP!
GOSH...
...DEM RATS...
...IS US!
WE'VE BEEN A BUNCH OF SUCKERS! MEMBERS OF A FANCY PLANE CLUB! AND DOUBLE-CROSSING THE U.S.A ALL THE WHILE!
TRAITORS--- THAT'S WHAT WE ARE! BENEDICT ARNOLDS!
AND ME OWN COUSIN HARVEY, IN DA AIR CORPS! ... I'M T'ROWING DESE PLANES OUT!
NO! DON'T DESTROY THEM, RAGS! THEY MAY COME IN HANDY! WE'VE GOT TO REDEEM OURSELVES ---AND I'VE GOT A PLAN!


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
DAT'S A TERRIFIC IDEA, DICKIE! AND WOT'S MORE I'VE GOT IT ALL WOIKED OUT! JUST FOL-LOW ME!
LEAD ON, MACDUFF!
WHILE AT THE SPIES' HEADQUARTERS...
WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUT! Z-7'S MESSAGE WAS INTERCEPTED LAST NIGHT!
I'LL NOTIFY Z-9 THAT WE'RE GETTING RIGHT OUT OF HERE!
AND JUST ONE BLOCK AWAY.
THE PLANE CLUB'S ON THIS STREET
IT MUST BE ONE OF THESE HOUSES THEN IT'S NUMBER 249!
WILLOW ST.
DIS IS DA PLACE ALL RIGHT! DEY'VE BEEN LOINING PLENTY FROM US BUT DIS IS ONE LESSON DEY AIN'T COUNTING ON!
LET'S GO ROUND THE BACK WAY!
THEY'RE GONE! LOOKS LIKE THEY LEFT IN A HURRY!
AND THESE PAPERS DON'T CONTAIN A SINGLE CLUE TO WORK ON, EITHER!
LOOK! A CAR'S JUST PULLING OUT! DAT MUST BE DEM!
LET'S GET THEM!
DA BUMS! I'M GONNA WIPE UP DA STREETS WID DEM!
5


I COULDN'T EVEN GET DA LICENSE NUMBER!
DON'T WORRY-- THEY'LL BE BACK! AND SOME TIME TONIGHT!
WHAT MAKES YOU SO POSITIVE, SHERLOCK HOLMES?
WE'LL MEET HERE AT MIDNIGHT AND I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU--- THAT THEY'LL BE BACK!
SOITINLY, IF YOUSE SAY SO! WE AIN'T GOT NUTTIN' TA LOSE!
As MIDNIGHT APPROACHES...
WELL, STRETCH, HOW ABOUT DIVULGING YOUR PLANS? WHAT MADE YOU SO SURE THAT THEY'RE COMING BACK TONIGHT?
SHHH! HERE THEY COME!
THAT LAST BATCH OF MAIL SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED BY NOW! LET'S GRAB IT AND BEAT IT!
WHA--!
CRASH!
AND DIS AIN'T NUTTIN' YA LUGS! WAIT TILL YA GET DA REAL POINT OF DESE PLANES!
DIS LITTLE BOMBER YOUSE SENT US SURE COMES IN HANDY ---ESPECIALLY WID DIS HERE DART!
JUST WATCH THIS FLYING FORTRESS MAKE IT'S MARK!
OW!


WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS NOSE-DIVE ?
DIS'LL TEACH YA ---YA BIG PUNKS! BLITZED BY YOUR OWN PLANES!
YIPE!
AAHH!
HELP!
AFTER THE SMOKE OF BATTLE CLEARS...
IT WUZ NUTTIN'! WE SEEN OUR DUTY AN WE DONE IT!
WELL, ANYWAY, THANK YOU, BOYS! YOUR COUNTRY WILL BE PROUD OF YOU FOR ROUNDING UP THESE SPIES!
ON THE WAY BACK TO THE SHACK...
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU DIVULGED YOUR STRATEGY, STRETCH. HOW DID YOU KNOW THE SPIES WERE GOING TO RETURN TONIGHT?
COME ON, SHOILOCK! GIVE!
OH, THAT'S EASY! WHEN WE LEFT THIS AFTERNOON, I SAW THE MAILMAN LEAVE A BATCH OF LETTERS. I KNEW THOSE RATS WOULDN'T PASS UP THE CHANCE OF GRABBING THAT LAST LIST OF PLANES!

HOW GLORIA BECAME A BRIDE







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OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

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6a Men's Ring set with green stone in center, carved design on shank. White gold color effect.
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10. Child's Signet Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect
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29a Men's Military Ring—Air Corps insignia—Solid Sterling Silver—Massive design
30. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with gorgeous square cut simulated emerald or ruby. White gold color effect mounting.
31a Men's Military Ring—U. S. Marines insignia—Massive design in yellow gold color effect and Sterling silver.
32a Men's Military Ring—U. S. Navy insignia—Solid Sterling Silver—Massive design
33. Large center simulated Ladies' Solitaire Ring Diamond—3 smaller sized stones. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting
34. Ladies' Ring with beautiful diamond (simulated). Yellow or white gold color effect
35. Men's Signet Ring. White gold color effect mounting.
36a Ladies' Dinner Ring with large unusually clear brilliant simulated diamond or colored stone in center surrounded by smaller stones. White gold color effect
37a Love & Friendship Ring, chaste design also used as Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver
38a Ladies' Solitaire Ring. Center stone is genuine diamond chip. Solid Sterling Silver mounting.
39. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. 3 sparkling simulated diamonds. White gold color effect mounting.
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